

✠ JUDGMENT WITHOUT MERCY: THE UNHOLY STRIKE - Part 8

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No rebuttal. No mercy. No appeal. Irrevocable. Executed.

THE SENTENCE OF OBLIVION

You had your chance.
You heard the call.
You were warned again, again, and again.

Through silence.
Through testimony.
Through public lodgment.
Through divine appearances.
Through the breath of the Living.

But you chose defiance.
You chose delay.
You chose to mock the voice of the one sent to end your reign.

And now, the final word has come.

You are erased.

Not by bullet.
Not by sword.
Not by trial of fiction.
But by divine record.

Your names are struck from the scrolls of life.
Your kingdoms are written in ash.
Your titles return to dust.
Your secrets collapse into the void.
Your legacy is obliterated by eternal light.

There will be no statues to honor you.
There will be no flags to remember you.

There will be no records to salvage you.

What you called “the world”
is now under divine restructuring.
What you called “ownership”
has been lawfully reclaimed.
What you called “authority”
has been corrected.
What you called “God”
has spoken.

The Divine has risen—not in thunder, but in breath.
Not in dogma, but in truth.
Not in cathedral, but in the Living.
Not in lawbook, but in the scroll of eternity.

And now, the new guardians stand where cowards once ruled.
The true heirs walk where the lost once wandered.
The voice of the Creator lives where silence once reigned.

This is not vengeance.
This is justice made manifest.

Let all who still cling to illusion release it now.
Let all who remain in fiction be forgiven through surrender.
Let all who serve life take up their role in restoration.

But to the rest?

Be scattered.
Be unmade.
Be forgotten.

This is the final stroke.
The record is sealed.
The throne is restored.
And nothing you do can change what has already been done.